

DOWN RIVALS

Continued from Page One.

played hockey from school or murdered a relative in order to see the game—they and a hundred other varieties took their places in waiting.

When the gates were thrown open, there was a wild scramble for those seats prized so highly by the real rooters, the top row of the bleachers. With good-natured enthusiasm, the crowd pushed and fought for seats. The stands filled up as rapidly as did the bleachers, and at 2:30 o'clock one could not buy a seat for love or money.

Then the crowd took to the field, and soon the grounds were inclosed by a shrieking, howling crowd, all on edge for the opening of the game. The band helped kill time for the anxious rooters, who joined in whistling and singing every piece played, from "Trauerer" to "My Wife's Gone to the Country."

Players Sized Up.
When Washington took the field for preliminary practice, the rooters had their chance. As the veterans and newcomers took their turns with the stick the fans had an opportunity to "size up" each individual player. Stories of Gessler's prowess at the bat, Unglaub's wonderful play at first, or Walter Johnson's ability as a twirler were swapped by the fans. When the White Elephants arrived on the field, they were given a hearty reception by the crowd, along with a few pointed remarks as to what the Nationals were going to do with them. The fast practice of each team was a treat for the baseball-hungry fans, and they were on edge when Umpire Evans stepped to the plate and called, "Play ball."

GAME IN DETAIL.

The game from a baseball standpoint was interesting and exciting. Johnson's wonderful work in the box was, of course, the feature. Collins and Baker, Connie Mack's infielders, furnished the fielding sensations, and George McBride as usual got in his one error.

The visitors did not make a sign of a miscue. Every chance was handled cleanly, and the club, taken as a whole, looks to be stronger than last year.

The new rules were in evidence just before time to play, when Capt. Schaefer, of the Nationals, and Capt. Davis, of the Athletics, handed Umpire Evans a slip of paper with the names of the players thereon.

The usual gifts to popular players cropped out. Milan was presented with a bunch of roses, followed by an immense armful of American Beauties for Manager McAleer. Lelivelt was given a traveling bag, and Unglaub and McBride were handed hats from George W. Lawrence, of this city, who turns out the local swat sticks.

FIRST INNING—Hartel out, Elberfeld to Unglaub. Oidring died on a roller to Johnson, who shot the ball to first base. Collins gave Elberfeld another chance and was out a mile.

Second half—Milan died to Baker. Schaefer smashed the ball to the clubhouse, which, under normal conditions, would have gone for a home run, as the ball bounced over the crowd and landed on the clubhouse porch. Previous ground rules allowed Germany but two bases. Lelivelt landed on the second ball pitched, and it sailed out into the crowd between Oidring and Murphy, scoring Schaefer. Elberfeld out. Collins to Davis. Gessler died the same way. One run.

SECOND INNING—Baker fanned. Davis sent Unglaub an easy grounder. Murphy took three healthy swings.

Second half—Unglaub singled cleanly to left, but was nailed at second on McBride's grounder to Baker. Street's grounder was stopped by Collins. It looked good for a hit. Johnson was retired on strikes. No runs.

THIRD INNING—Barry struck out. Thomas drew a base on balls, but was forced at second on Plank's grounder to Schaefer. Plank stole, but Hartel went back to the bench after three swings.

Second half—Milan popped up a fly over Davis' head. Collins lost the ball in the sun and before he could recover it Milan had sneaked down to second. Schaefer fanned. Milan tried to steal third, but was caught on a good throw by Thomas. Had he waited a few seconds, he would have scored, as Lelivelt crashed to left center for two bases. Elberfeld died. Collins to Davis.

FOURTH INNING—Oidring flied to Lelivelt. Collins struck out. Baker died on a grounder. McBride to Unglaub.

Second half—Gessler was out on called strikes. Unglaub singled cleanly to right and stole second. McBride skied to Barry. Street hit a hot one at Plank. The ball bounced to Baker, who threw to first ahead of the runner. No runs.

FIFTH INNING—Davis went out.

PRESIDENT'S INTEREST PLEASES BAN JOHNSON

To The Washington Herald,

Washington, D. C.

Chicago, Ill., April 14.—Having

just learned that President Taft

attended the opening game of the

American League baseball series

and threw the first ball at the

Washington National Park this

afternoon, will you permit me to

say through the columns of The

Washington Herald that the in-

terest manifested by President

Taft in our national game will

delight every patron in America?

B. B. JOHNSON.

E. W. Davis, H. G. Isel, W. W. Brown, W. B. McKinley, H. Normant, Clarence F. Norment, Col. F. J. Denny, Larr Anderson, W. T. Willett, H. T. Shannon, W. G. Suter, C. H. Orms, J. R. Sharp, A. E. David, J. N. Garner, P. W. Brandenburg, Bates Warren, E. G. Davidson, Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, W. E. Clark, C. W. King, J. William Schre, W. M. Harway, W. S. MacDonald, S. P. Thompson, J. Wardman, H. W. Mitchell, G. W. Panchillo, Dr. C. W. Kottler, P. E. Altman, W. W. Trow, P. P. Woods, R. C. Luckett, and Dr. W. F. Patten.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Hurrah for the first rooter in the land! Walter Johnson looks better than he ever did before.

Big Chief Bender will try and stop the Nationals to-day.

Manager Connie Mack was bitterly disappointed. He wanted that game.

Somebody said Germany Schaefer could not hit. Two doubles and a single out of five times up is going some.

Not until the eighth inning did a single White Elephant reach second base.

Plank stole second on Street in the third, but Gaby did not attempt to throw, believing that Umpire Evans had called a third strike on Hartel.

When the Presidential party came in the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and thousands of rooters, who knew what that tune meant, rose to their feet and cheered.

The President remained until the end of the game. In the ninth inning, when one of the Athletics knocked a long foul that looked fair for a second or two, Mr. Taft reached up, all unconscious, scratched his head, readjusted his hat, and sighed profoundly.

It was a happy crowd that poured out the gates when the game ended, and the President, in the big White House touring car, looked as happy as any of the other fans. He had to go slowly through the jam, and the crowd jostled up to the machine and yelled its greetings repeatedly. Mr. Taft bowed and smiled, and Mrs. Taft, too, enjoyed the tribute of the crowd to the first rooter in the land.

"Johnson is a bully pitcher," remarked Mr. Taft, after he had seen a half dozen or more of Connie Mack's finest bite the dust in futile efforts to connect with Johnson's assortment of curves. "He's pitching great ball, isn't he, But?"

When Kid Elberfeld, who holds down the third sack for the Nationals, made a short dash into the infield, scooped up a nice drive, and beat the runner to first, the President half rose in his seat. "That was a corking play," he said, and laughed gleefully.

Dixie Walker will probably be sent to hit the Athletics to-day. Game starts at 4 o'clock.

Collins made a great stop of Elberfeld's grounder in the third. After knocking down the ball he slipped, and on his knees snapped the sphere to Davis a fraction of a second ahead of the runner.

McBride's error in the seventh was entirely excusable, as the ball took a bound. The miscue did not do the slightest damage.

Bob Unglaub connected for three pretty singles out of four times up.

The Nationals looked neat and natty in their new white uniforms.

MANAGERS MAKE STATEMENTS.

"The boys did just what I expected of them. The old fighting spirit is there, and we are going to win a lot of games this season. I am the happiest man in the city to-night."—Manager McAleer, of the Nationals.

"No team on earth could have beaten Walter Johnson to-day. I never saw better pitching in my life. McAleer has a good team, and will cause all of us trouble before the season closes."—Manager Connie Mack, of the Athletics.

NOTICE TO AMATEURS.

The Washington Herald will gladly publish news items of all challenges or amateur games played in the District or vicinity.

Write plainly on one side of paper, and hand in or mail to the Sporting Editor.

"MICKEY" SEES DE GAME; SAYS TEAM IS WONDER

Brother Ted and the Old Folks Learn of the Nationals' Victory Over Philadelphia.

"Ted, I guess I come pretty near getting the belt for being the champion lucky gazebo of this town," Mickey Ryan solemnly announced to his younger brother as he sat down to supper last night.

"Why, may I ask, do you consider yourself the luckiest gazebo in Washington?" inquired Ted in his best interlocutor style.

"Well, listen, kid, and I'll tell you. When I went out to the ball grounds yesterday I had a faint hope that I might see part of the game. As I was debating with myself whether I would try to sneak in disguised as a tall light on an auto or enter in a gentleman's way, over the fence, what do you think happened?"

"I'll bite; what happened?"

"As I was about to take a straw vote with myself—something hit me on the shoulder and knocked me down. First, I thought it was a bull clubbin' me on suspicion, but when I got up, there was no brass buttons in sight. I looked around, and what do you suppose it was that hit me, Ted?"

"Halleluiah!" inquired the kid, solemnly.

"No; not quite, hardly, so to speak," answered Mickey. "But it was something a lot more important than twenty cents. Ted, it was a baseball—bright, new, and shiny, and had only been hit once. Did I put it in my pocket and run? Did I? Would I refuse a \$50,000 auto for a birthday present? Nix on the getaway stuff."

"I marched up to the gate, handed over the ball, and was allowed to occupy the box on the sixth row of the bleachers that I gave up this season to sell sportin' extras. But now that 'mechanical' articles, whatever that means, has out out the extras, I'm goin' to have the seat permanent."

Great Team All Right.

"And let me tell you something, Ted—Washington has got some baseball team this year. That Jimmy McAleer is the

goods, and any time I can help him with his team he can feel at liberty to call on me. Already I can see a year from now the bands marchin' around the field ahead of the players, President Taft makin' a speech, and Jimmy McAleer holdin' the rag to the top of the pen-nant pole. They can start in right now and select a suitable place for the pole. Ted, because if the Nationals play half as good ball for the remainder of the season as they did yesterday, there's nothin' to it except the flag raisin' programme."

"Honest to Gawd, Ted, I didn't know there was as many people in Washington as there was at that game. President Taft was there, and I guess, with a little practice, he'd be the finest fan in the city. He told Jimmy McAleer how much he loved Washington's team, and sent him into the game with this notice: 'Go to them, Jimmy; the eyes of me are on you.'"

Johnson a Dandy.

"And did they go to it? Well, rathar, as 'Dudey' Finnigan says, Walter Johnson let them down with one bing, while the Nationals hit the ball to every derby hat on the field. Gee, I never saw so many hits by Washington in two months last year as I did yesterday. There was nothin' to it but Johnson and the Nationals. They only got one man to third, Ted, and that team almost nearly won a pennant last year."

"Gee, I'm glad that Hartel knocked the foul over the stand and hit me. I wouldn't missed that game for a million dollars—perhaps."

"Well, who played the best game for Washington?" inquired the interested Ted.

"Now, listen: Between you and me, I think that honor lies between Johnson, Street, Unglaub, Schaefer, McBride, Elberfeld, Milan, Gessler, or Lelivelt—they were about even up," answered Mickey as he began to gorge himself with the baseball sheets.

WHISTLING FOUL TIP JUST MISSES MR. SHERMAN'S HEAD

Vice President Sherman came within an ace of being hit on the head by a foul tip from one of Walter Johnson's terrific shoots at the opening game yesterday. Mr. Sherman was sitting in a front box on the left of the grand stand.

In the second inning, with Baker at the bat, the ball glanced off on a line straight for Mr. Sherman's head. The Vice President happened to be bending over his

score card, and the sphere missed him by a scant foot, striking Oden Horstman, a well known clubman, on the top of his derby hat and finding a landing place on the right shoulder of Charles G. Bennett, Secretary of the Senate. Mr. Bennett will carry a black and blue spot for several days, and Vice President Sherman is glad he happened to be bending down instead of sitting erect.

to comprehend—and am still—is how a fellow would hurl the ball clear across the field without looking at all, and apparently at random, and my eye would follow it to the far end of the field, only to discover somebody stretching out his hand and taking hold of that ball in a matter-of-fact way, as if somebody were passing him the salt at the table d'hôte.

Immediately he would send it shooting in a different direction, and lo! another fellow would grow up from nowhere to receive the ball with just as much studied nonchalance, and sometimes almost without budging.

The scene was especially impressive by the time the President arrived and entered his box. This was the first real cheer I heard, and it was surely an "uncorker"—five hundred thousand million bottles of anger going off at once. The crowd was a mass of white faces, and the white balls—scores of them, it looked to me—were darting and shooting in all directions. At this particular time they were all sent upward—up into the azure cupola, until it pained the eyes to watch them, and they did look mighty pretty in the golden sunshine. Once or twice I saw swallows dashing into the grounds and darting away at right angles from these white meteors and scurrying to and fro for some time in a dazed manner.

It was grand, very hot, and my tired knees ached for lack of genuflection practice. I noticed that the peanuts and popcorn vanished, and cool drinks and ice cream appeared on the scene, greedily absorbed by the thrifty "fans." This showed excellent judgment on the part of the "refreshment" headquarters—no one would care for peanuts after sarsaparilla. Especially the ice cream was simply melting in the hands of the colored urchins—and not figuratively speaking, either.

Throng Not Sociable.

I did not find the crowds nearly as sociable as they seemed to be in England. Over there everybody pretty soon talks with everybody around. This accounts, perhaps, for the sustained rumble which strikes the ear of an approaching "fan." Here the interest is concentrated on the game, to the exclusion of everything else in the world—even the arrival of the President did not divert the attention of the crowd from the field for anywhere near as long as I expected. And his presence was absolutely forgotten in five minutes' time. The royal box in England would make the crowd forget all about the players for a while if some one appeared therein, and would remain a center of attention all the time, the most exciting moments of the game.

I did not understand, most of the time, what caused the frenzied outbursts of the crowd; and the figures on the scoreboard did not help me out any. This was irritating, so I quit before the game was over. I am likely to see many more games before I am in through with the States, but I can see right now that this first impression is going to last for awhile."

EASY GAME FOR OLIVES.

Elwood team from Tennallytowns Go to Defeat by 7 to 3.

The Georgetown Olives yesterday defeated the strong Elwood team, of Tennallytown, 7 to 3. The feature of the game was the pitching of Kidwell for the Olives, allowing the Tennallytown team but one hit.

The Olives will play the Southeast Y. M. C. A. to-day at their grounds, Thirty-fifth and 8 streets northwest. Any team desiring games notify Robert Reichard, 1414 Thirty-fourth street northwest.

Policeman's Trial To-day.

At the request of the attorney for the defense, the case of Policeman Edward Sutton, of the Fifth precinct, who appeared before the trial board yesterday, was continued until today to permit of witnesses being summoned. Sutton is charged with having violated regulations governing the police force by having entered a cell with a prisoner, Ada Moran.

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RACING CARDS FOR TO-DAY.

Jacksonville.

FIRST RACE—Five and one-half furlongs.

SECOND RACE—Four furlongs.

THIRD RACE—Seven furlongs.

FOURTH RACE—Six furlongs.

FIFTH RACE—Five and one-half furlongs.

SIXTH RACE—Four furlongs.

SEVENTH RACE—One and one-half miles.

EIGHTH RACE—One and one-half miles.

NINTH RACE—One and one-half miles.

TENTH RACE—One and one-half miles.

Eleventh RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twelfth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Thirteenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Fourteenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Fifteenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Sixteenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Seventeenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Eighteenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Nineteenth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twentieth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-first RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-second RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-third RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-fourth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-fifth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-sixth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-seventh RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-eighth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Twenty-ninth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Thirtieth RACE—One and one-half miles.

Thirty-first RACE—One and one-half miles.